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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray:
They fade, behold, the phantoms fade that kept the gates
of day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets
be free,
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall
not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands
to dust!
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better
trust.
Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the helmet bar;
A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops in-
crease—
They come! They come!—How fair their feet—they come
that publish peace!
Yea, victory! fair victory! our enemies' and ours!
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth
with flowers.

Ah, still depressed and dim with dew; but yet a little
while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile;
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost nor nursling from the
nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest,
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his
breast,—
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness
shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the sea!

—John Ruskin.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE MYSTIC WAY.

The article on Mysticism by Professor Buckham, which we printed in The Pacific last week, was written for a syndicate of papers, appearing, among others, in the St. Louis Christian Advocate a few weeks ago. The article passed the hurried supervision of the editor of the Advocate, but some of the readers noting what seemed to them dangerous tendencies, he said in the issue for April 2 that "while not so intended the article was probably not altogether for the good of a sensitive soul," and could not, after a careful reading, have altogether the editorial endorsement. The editor proceeds then to remark that he feels well assured that "Miss Underhill's book on Mysticism, which Professor Buckham calls fascinating, would be expurgated by the 'pure food law' of the human soul." Attention is then concentrated on the mistakes and errors of the mystics, and in a reference to present-day experiences it is said: "Eminent ministers of high order of intellect and with the purest characters are in this modern day brought under the strong charm of this mysticism, and are henceforth practically without any fruit unto God, and sometimes dangerous and disturbing elements in the church."

There is here, it seems to the present writer, a failure to apprehend Mysticism. True mysticism always leads to activity, to humble, unselfish service. Miss Underhill shows in her book that all records of mysticism in the west are also the records of supreme human activity. This she affirms and shows both as to wrestlers in the spirit and as to great organizers such as St. Teresa, St. Ignatius Loyala, Eckhart, Suso, Tauler, and Fox; as to philanthropists such as St Catherine of Genoa; as to poets and prophets such as Mechthild of Madgeburg, Blake and others. Among these mention is made of some immensely virile souls such as St. Bernard, St. Catherine of Siena and Joan of Arc whose participation in the Absolute Life has seemed to force on them a national destiny.

"All these lived, as it were with both hands—toward the finite and towards the infinite, towards God and man. It is true that in nearly every case such great actives, says Miss Uunderhill, "have first left the world as a necessary condition of obtaining contact with that Absolute Life which reenforced their own, for a mind distracted by the many cannot apprehend the One."

"The solitude of the wilderness is an essential part of mystical education. But having obtained that contact and established themselves upon transcendental levels—being united with their source not merely in temporary ecstasies, but by an act of complete surrender—they were impelled to abandon their solitude, and resumed in some way their contact with the world in order to become the medium whereby the Life flowed out to other men. To go up alone into the mountain and come back as an ambassador to the world has ever been the method of humanity's best friends."

Man always has to take the chaff with the wheat. It is for him to sift and retain that which is good and valuable. The aberrations and excesses of the mystics aside, there is a residue which has value. Very few persons can read such a study of mysticism as Miss Underhill has presented to the world and fail of a profound impression that there have been those to whom it was given to transcend the sense-world, live on the high levels of spiritual life, and thus to bring to men a glimpse of the Absolute unattainable in ordinary ways. Very naturally the great strain put by the exalted spirit on a body adapted to life as it is now on this earthly plane would produce both physical and mental disturbances and abnormalities.

When some of the mystics in whose lives we find so much of beauty and worth tell us that that which awakened and transformed them came to them at times when they did not know whether they were in the body or out of the body, Christians should be slow to class them as proper subjects for the hospitals for the neurasthenic or the insane, as our St. Louis contemporary has done.

The Apostle Paul wrote of a time when he was caught up to the third heaven, whether in the body or out of the body, he could not say, and when he heard words beyond his power to utter.

With all the disclosures of the ages, and especially of the last century, it is well to keep in mind the Shakespearean words: There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

Not a few people are querying today why God, according to the long-time belief and teaching, should have spoken to the world through the prophets and Jesus of Nazareth and have left the world without such communication since then. The ablest explanations as to this do not satisfy. The mystic, ancient and modern, comes to us and says that messages come to him from a spiritual and transcendental world, and that to all who will receive it, who will walk in the way thereof, "news comes every hour of the day of a world of Absolute Truth, beyond the bourne of time and place."

Musicians tell some of us who are not gifted as they are of harmonies many of us know not of. We do not deny this because of our deficiencies. No more should we deny to the mystic his experiences, at least not in so far as they have worked for beauty and love and life in him and all whom he influenced.

If more time were given by our ministers to the contemplative life, if they were less immersed in the pressing busy life of this modern age, we wonder whether they would not bring to their people more assurances of the transcendant life than they are now bringing. We commend to them and to the laity alike a study of the Mystic Way. Thought is turning to it anew as something through which great transformations may be wrought in doctrine and in life over all the earth.

SATISFIED WITH HIS PLACE!

There is at least one minister who believes that it is a good thing to be a Protestant preacher in San Francisco. He publishes his belief to the world in the columns of The Continent, the Presbyterian paper printed in Chicago. The minister is William Nat Friend of Howard Presbyterian Church. He believes also that it is a good thing to be a Christian layman here. As to minister and laymen he writes:

"It is a good thing to be a Protestant minister in this city that is set on a hill by the golden gate and cannot be hid.One strives against pagan and proletariat and pioneer amidst the beautiful, the bizarre and the beastly. If you are looking for rewards, O man of God! unless it be the satisfaction of standing fast and, having done all, to stand, you will have to wait till heaven dawns. But does any ambassador of Jesus ask for a more attractive chance?

"It is a good thing to be a Christian layman at this time in San Francisco, with all its varied atmosphere of fog and shine and rain and wind. There is no kind of human excitement or interest that has not its counterpart here, and they challenge the best in men and women. There is no struggle in politics or government or legislation, or in social hygiene, philosophy, economics, vice, slavery, rum, commerce, immigration or labor that is not being fought out here on the fair and square with big, bold, honest hand, heart and brain. Here is the thick of things. Here the odds are heavy against righteousness, but here is where righteousness finds her true task."

If these lines should come under the eye of any San Francisco minister who thinks that he has a most difficult and undersirable field they ought to implant some seeds of encouragement.

We like also what one of our Congregational pastors said recently when some of his brethren were recounting their problems—that he could arrange a big list also that would be appalling in the aggregate. But what he was aiming to do, he said, was to plow ahead in the midst of them keeping uppermost the thought that he and his little church were doing the best they could in the circumstances; that the community needed their church; and though he worked without much present fruitage, the thing to do was to plod on. A wise man! By keeping the problems as much out of mind as possible and the needs of the community religiously and his own duty thereto uppermost the problems didn't seem so mountain high as they otherwise would have seemed.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The members of the World's Sunday School Commission to the Orient were in San Francisco and vicinity for a few days on their way to the Orient. It is of interest and value to know how they looked on life and problems here. We do not always see ourselves as others see us. The views of others serve to correct or to confirm our own views.

The last number of the Methodist Recorder contained an article by the Rev. Dr. Wilbur, a member of the Commission to the Orient, and editor of the Sunday School periodicals of the Methodist Protestant Church, from which we quote:

"There is growing up about the Golden Gate a wonderful material commonwealth that, to some extent, is being built up at the expense of the spiritual commonwealth—the kingdom of God. The masses are working intensely for the state of California, when they ought to be working for the only thing that can make their material prosperity permanent—men and women of Christian character, Christian citizens. The state can not stand, if it have not moral integrity and Christian life as its foundations. They should labor first of all for the eternal, and the temporal will naturally follow.

"The visit of the commission to the various Christian missions in Chinatown made it clear that the Golden Gate is also the gate of the Orient. Thousands are there being reached with the gospel who will, on their return to their home lands of Japan and China, carry the glad tidings with them.

"In sections where it is popular to attend church and maintain church membership, there will be many who have no real interest in Christianity; but it is not so here. It is not popular or customary, and those who do affiliate with the churches are in dead earnest, and are characterized by an intense Christian life and service.

"A disadvantage under which the workers here are placed is the fact that the wealth of the state is not largely in the hands of Christian or benevolent people. In this there is a strong contrast with the East of our country. There the wealth is largely in Christian and benevolent hands. One form of charity appeals to one group of givers, and another form to another group, and so, in the bulk, all are more or less effectively assisted. But, of a necessity, here all the activities of the church must call upon the one small group of Christian givers; and, while their consecration is sufficiently profound to meet the emergency, their wealth is not adequate. In a very real sense this devoted band of Christian workers are fighting the battle of all, doing both home and foreign missionary work at a great disadvantage, and at the same time are lifting up a stay against the prevailing flood of materialism of the day. Doing the work of all, they can rightfully claim the sympathy, prayers, and material help of all."

Here is an analysis of conditions in this part of California, by an outsider, for which many who are fighting Christianity's battle in peculiar circumstances, will be grateful.

It was with such things as the foregoing in mind, and the fact that here in San Francisco, in the very heart of the commercial center, there should be a cosmopolitan church, that we remmarked a few months ago that with good reason the Rev. Dr. Aked appealed to men and women all over the land to aid in properly establishing it.

AN IMPORTANT STEP TOWARD CHURCH UNION.

What the Boston Transcript calls the most important step ever taken in this country toward the ultimate unity of the Christian churches was announced a few days ago in New York City by the Rev. Arthur Lowndes, the secretary of the Christian Unity Foundation.

"This was the adoption, at a conference held between members of the Disciples of Christ and members of the Foundation of a resolution indorsing a proposed form of agreement between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Disciples of Christ whereby the two churches may be amalgamated and come under one government.

"In making announcement Dr. Lowndes was particular to emphasize the fact that the conference was informal and unoffic'al, and that those present were acting as individuals. The Disciples of Christ present at the conference were Rev. Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, Rev. F. W. Bur-

ham of Springfield, Ill.; Rev. Finis Idleman of Des Moines, Io.; Rev. James M. Philputt of New Yorkfi and Rev. Edward B. Bagby, Rev. Henry C. Armstrong, Rev. Francis H. Scott and William P. Lipscomb of Baltimore, Md. The members of the Foundation present were Right Rev. Frederick Courtney, Rev. Canon, George William Douglas, Rev. Reese F. Alsop, Rev. R. T. Homans, Francis C. Huntington, David B. Ogden and Dr. Lowndes.

"The Christian Unity Foundation is an incorporated body which was founded in 1910 by twenty-four men of the Episcopal Church. Its purpose is to endeavor to promote the Union of Christendom throughout the world by means of research and conferences. Its members regard the complete success of their enterprise as a possibility of the far distant future, but in the less than three years of its existence it has laid a foundation upon which that success may be ultimately reared. At a conference with the Presbyterians on May 5, 1911, the resolutions passed in Australia in 1906 and 1907 by representatives of the Church of England in Australia and the Presbyterians, as a basis for corporate reunion, were taken up seriatim and passed with some amendments. At a conference with the Congregationalists on February 12, 1912, these same resolutions were passed again. Finally the resolutions were passed with some alterations at the conference this week with the Disciples of Christ. The alterations were slight, and tended simply to make the resolutions clearer. The great importance of this last indorsement is due to the fact that the Disciples of Christ stand fifth in numerical strength of all Christians in the United States, being exceeded in number only by the Roman Catholics, the Methodists, the Baptists and the Presbyterians. In 1910 they had 1,142,359 communicants as compared with 886,942 in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"It should be clearly understood that the work of the Foundation is entirely unofficial and distinct from that of the Commission on a world's conference of all Christian bodies to consider the faith and order of the Church of Christ appointed by the last general convention of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, although its work is in entire harmony with that of the Commission. Such an amalgamation with the Disciples of Christ as that indorsed in the resolution mentioned would have to be approved by the general convention, which is the governing body of the church.

"The president of the Foundation is Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney. Its treasurer is Francis C. Huntington, son of the famous rector of Grace Church in New York city. Its finance committee is Robert Fulton Cutting, William Fellowes Morgan, Lawson Purdy and William Jay Schieffelin. The study of their belief and status has been so well received by the Disciples of Christ that they ordered 20,000 copies of it for distribution."

THE CHURCH AND THE CITY.

Thursday evening of last week the Rev. Dr. Wm. Horace Day gave his lecture, "The Church and the City" at Bethany Church, San Francisco. The attendance was good and the lecture very heartily received.

Dr. Day told of his experiences last autumn in the eastern cities whither he went for the purpose of studying the city problem and the effectiveness of various methods of church work in meeting present needs. The religious problem in Boston he said was that of adjusting religion to the intellectual life. New York churches were engaged distinctively in the effort to bring religion to function in political life. While the problem of the churches of Chicago was that of giving the religious interpretation to business.

The ritualistic tendency he found giving way to greater naturalness; the institutional type was seeking again a larger emphasis on the prophetic message; while the church that once laid its chief stress upon preaching was combining with the appeal of the sermon the appeal of the brotherly touch to the community.

The vitalized church being evolved today is making the service of worship, with appropriate agencies for awakening reverence, and the prophetic message the center of its life; but is also undertaking such activities as will keep it in closet touch with the actual life of the community it serves; it is recognizing the necessity of the educational process in order to make its results permanent, but it is warmly evangelistic in its immediate service also.

Where such a policy is followed the Church is not failing, said Dr. Day, but is cleansing the life and elevating the ideals of the modern city. H. S. T.

THE CHURCH SOCIAL AND THE PRAYER MEETING.

W. N. Burr.

A pastor sat at his desk, pouring out his heart in prayer for his people; and a voice came to him, saying:

"If the Korean church had been just a good, strong, sociable church, and not much of a praying church, there would never have been any great awakening in Korea. The "sociable" has its place, but the power that moves the hearts and lives of men cannot work in and through a church that is strong socially but weak prayerfully. When we see the people of any church "gathered together praying," coming together as readily and eagerly as they now gather at a social function—then we shall see the windows of heaven opening about that church, and God's blessing poured out upon it. There is a place for the "social," but God never sends great blessings upon a church merely through the social channel but He does honor the prayers of His people. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." All the tithes! Can a church that brings its social tithes into the storehouse faithfully and readily, but that brings only a meager little pittance of prayer-tithes—can such a church expect God to open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing upon it? Has He ever made any great promise that is conditioned upon mere sociability? On the other hand, He is continually saying to His people in one way and another, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

That pastor said to his people the next Sunday morning: "I have never cared to philosophize much concerning prayer. I doubt if any man can work out all its workings on the blackboard as one might work out a problem in mathematics. We are dealing with something finer than mathematics, as fine as a little child's faith in its father. If a little child has a wish, a desire for something, the most natural thing in the world for that child to do is to run to father or mother and ask for what he wants. He

does not stop to find out by some mathematical or philosophical process just how h[illegible] asking can bring response from the parent; he just does the natural thing—runs to the parent and asks for what he wants. "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom." Little children ask for things. Little children are free and frank with their parents. It is only when they begin to get old enough to feel a little independent and self-sufficient that they lose the freshness of freedom and frankness toward their parents that is so characteristic of their earlier childhood. It is the childlike Christian who has caught the secret of prayer. The childlike Christian will pray as naturally as the little child talks with its father. "The effectual, fervent **prayer** of the righteous man availeth much," —of the **righteous** man! But the **righteous** man is the man of childlike faith, for of **such** is the kingdom of heaven."

La Canada, California.

"HOW COULD GOD USE JACOB TO FORWARD HIS PLANS FOR ISRAEL"?

Roy H. Campbell.

The question was put to the leader with some concern in a recent Wednesday evening meeting. The trouble lay in the fact that after Jacob had bargained with his brother's wanton appetite and had filched his blessing under cover of his father's failing eyesight that Jehovah used the muddy channel of these sordid transactions for the advance of his own purpose. He gave the promised land to the sons of the younger rather than to the sons of the elder. It must be admitted that it is rather a puzzling bit of Bible narrative. It can't be "harmonized" readily and a defense of Jacob in these rascally bargains is an outright departure from plain honesty, even though it springs from the natural desire to exonerate Jehovah. I believe the explanation lies in this direction:

In the first place it can be said that Jacob's designing shrewdness in that day among those people met with evident approval. There is in the narratives no slightest blame attached to the leading figure in either transaction. The whole method of dealing in both instances is stated in a perfectly open and frank manner and you can almost detect the smile of Hebrew satisfaction on the lips of the writer as he pens the lines. He places the whole weight of his disapproval on the back of the luckless Esau in his comment at the end of the first account "thus Esau despised his birthright." It was in such a time and out of such a race that Jehovah had to frame his mighty undertakings. Had He waited until He found a man who could measure up to his own desires there would have been no Israel to prepare the way for the coming of the Perfect one. We view these accounts to-day out of eyes made keener by the moral vision of that very one who was to issue from the blood of this deceiver. Jehovah had to use the men who lived then even with their defective eyesight if he was to use men at all. Indeed he still works in the same manner to-day his wonders to perform. There is no sharp division in life at any period of the sheep from the goats; that will have to wait until the great Judge desires to make the separation with a vision which can distinguish motives and purposes overborne by circumstances. The men whom he seems to use all along are a mixture of the good and the bad; the perseverance which eventually wins an inheritance through sharp practice is woven with that which wins a blessing in the wrestling of a lonely night. The Bible takes account of this continually. It weaves in the story of the lustful transaction which dealt out death to the faithful Uriah with the aspiration of the Shepherd Psalm though both issue from the same heart.

In the second place the choice of Jacob for his father's patrimony and the headship of Israel in the light of subsequent revelation of character was a wise one. Jehovah does not make his judgments on the growth of the early springtime. In the story of the sale of the birthright if you look on that merely which was above ground there is not much to choose between the men on either side of the counter. Selfish perseverance ("sell me **this day** thy birthright" he had pressed him on other days also) and calculating shrewdness (he had the pottage steaming to tempt his brother's hunger) studied the face of uncontrolled appetite and wilful disregard of the demands of duty and honor. But it was a positive nature looking into the eyes of a negative one. There was a man there driving the bargain who could be used. The ordinary father would choose for his son a positive nature even though he sometimes harnessed it to the wrong load rather than a nature so restless and roving that it never could be tied to an enterprise of any weight. Jehovah knew that his life under the molding hands of experience could be shaped up to be fit for his larger undertakings. Jacob the overreaching could later be called Israel a prince who had power with God and men.

Palo Alto, April 11, 1913.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

By Rev. H. V. Rominger.

II

Naturally during his life-time Beecher aroused vast antagonism, hatred and obloquy, some rising up to asperse his memory even in his dying hour. Like the Portland Oregonian, which at the time of his death declared he was the great pulpit actor of the age, who performed for notoriety to draw the crowd about him, and that when he went off the stage it was doubtful whether he left the world any better for living in it.

We may have churches built up around the magnetic personality and eloquence of men, but they are weak churches, not knowing whether there be any Holy Ghost, having the form of godliness while denying the power thereof. But if ever there was a man of Apostolic succession and filled with the Holy Ghost Beecher was that man. When I was a student at Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., in 1877-78, Beecher was at the height of his power, but I took no stock in him. At that time all I knew about him had come through the newspapers and hearsay and I did not believe in his orthodoxy, for in those days we had W. G. T. Shedd as teacher and we considered ourselves theological experts. The first time I went to Beecher's church it was with feelings like those a well bred and respectable person has when he goes for the first time to a circus or place of questionable resort. You hope none of your friends will see you there and you feel as if you ought to apologize to yourself or to somebody else for this indulgence, so doubtful in its propriety. But

when I came and saw and heard and felt, and got into personal acquaintance with facts and with the people and the work of the great church I concluded that God Almighty and the Holy Ghost believed in Beecher, and that was the thing of chief significance. He who felt the earnestness of life and the solemnity of eternity hanging over him, who stood for fifty years in the stormiest period of American history and thundered with eloquent voice against wrong and injustice and plead the cause of the downtrodden slave when other voices that should have spoken were dumb and risked his life for the lowly and oppressed,—and he had been doing this only as an actor for effect and to cloak over his own perjury and hypocrisy? Respect for the common humanity to which we belong forbids belief in such monstrous villainy and imposture.

Men have differed in their estimate of all the good and brave who have done and dared in the divinest service of the race and laid their hearts on the altar of humanity's highest hopes, and most of all have they differed in regard to Jesus of Nazareth. Any man who shakes the world and like the apostles turns it upside down will be loved and hated, glorified and denounced. It is but a realization of what the greatest of all teachers said: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Henry Ward Beecher was hounded down by one of the vilest and most merciless persecutions of modern times. Bad men and women and some good ones conspired against him in the most wicked and infamous piece of abuse since the crusade against Wesley and Whitefield, but the children of his persecutors now build and deck his tomb. The conspirators took advantage of his great nature and sympathetic heart to entangle him in meshes from which they hoped he would be unable to extricate himself, but his great nature and hold upon men proved too strong for the network and for all that malignant and venomous brood of liars and false witnesses. He blazed his way through battle-smoke and thunder clouds, hurling from him that reeking mess of pestiferousness and his name emerged resplendent from the vast shadow that once rested upon it and will be intertwined as long as the Republic lasts with some of our greatest national achievements and most of our theological progress.

As a young man Beecher went through all the colic and anguish of theological strife and witnessed his father being tried as a heretic for venturing to believe that a man could obey the commandments of God. He hated and despised this whirling abyss of controversy about things which no human being could know anything, but soon got into controversy about the real great sin and shame of American Christianity. At Indianapolis, Indiana, during his second pastorate in the early forties he began his immortal campaign against slavery in three sermons on the subject when the city was full of judges, lawyers and legislators, who thronged the church. The whole community was dreadfully shocked not at the sin which the preacher had attacked but at the audacity of this young crank and fanatic. The timiid prophesied that he had destroyed himself and ended his influence for usefulness forever, and they mourned over his speedy downfall.

In 1847 he came to Brooklyn to take charge of the infant Plymouth church of twenty-one members. This church which because the throne of his power was founded in the midst of the development of the greatest work of the 19th century, the emancipation of the slaves of the South, by which the industry of the country was also emancipated and by which the church and religion on this continent were saved from a worse than Babylonish captivity. For up to that time the pulpit and the religious press, with few exceptions, were the bulwarks of slavery. They said it was a Bible institution, and, with some reservations for humane treatment, was justified by the Golden Rule and Christ's sermon on the Mount. The tract societies and missionary societies would circulate no literature against slavery. For years the negro in his darkness cried for light and the Christian church in America was almost utterly indifferent to his cry, and even went so far as to denounce the noble philanthropy of Garrison and Phillips as infidel, because it would disturb the peace of the church and the commerce of the land. It was a hideous mixture of righteousness and unrighteousness which soon received its judgment in a furnace of fire and a wailing and gnashing of teeth which will not be forgotten as long as the world stands. It was in that fateful hour that Beecher arose in his might and became one of the greatest actors in the greatest drama of modern civilization.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Old Time Milk Ranches.

In these days, when I take no pains at all to "keep well," I recall the days of sixty years ago, and wonder that I suffered so much then from congestive pains. Once, when for weeks the doctor, with his mustard and Spanish flies, had failed to relieve me, I resolved on a visit to a milk ranch, in Marin county. So at midnight I crawled a mile to the water front, boarded a little schooner that was to sail at ebb tide, got down into the cabin and laid down on a base board bench, where, though I could not rest easy, in a good bed, rocked by the gentle motion of the boat, I slept for six hours. Towards morning a deck hand came down to make a cup of coffee and built a hot fire in the stove, close to my back. This gave me a new idea, and I resolved to see what effect intense heat would have on my tortured body. So I endured that roasting for an hour, perhaps, with an effect that seemed magical. My congestion was dissolved and with the exception of soreness, which required some days to wear off, I was a well man, so that at daylight when we landed I was ready for ranch tramping.

This was a buter ranch (they seldom made butter and cheese on the same ranch) and though used to farm life in New England, I found that I had it nearly all to learn. The dwelling house was a rough shack, the barn a little better, but very small, and little used, and the chief building was a long cow shed, with room for a hundred cows, standing close together. Most of the calves were taught to drink from a pail from the day of their birth, but a few choice ones got their living in the normal way, from two to four calves to a cow, and if she rebelled the lash soon taught her submission. After the afternoon milking the cows were sent out for an evening graze, and then herded again till morning.

For butter making the milk was allowed to stand till coagulated, before skimming, hundreds of pans were

skimmed at once, and butter was made every day. It was worked, salted, and put up in rolls without contact of hands, not salted enough for packing, but ready for marketing for daily use, and no better butter was ever made. That which was not sold at once was re-salted and packed in kegs made for the purpose and then stored for winter use and for shipping. Creamery devices were unknown in those early days and the old fashioned churns were in universal use.

Of course hundreds of cows required thousands of acres of grazing land, and the booted and spurred, and rawhide encased "cow boys" found full occasion for equestrian display. There is abundant occasion for this, for twice a day the cows must be collected from these hills. And "hills" they are, rising one above another five hundred to more than a thousand feet high, and resting on one another like a flight of stairs. Once they were forested, but forest fires have bared them, and herds of cows now keep them bare of sequoias and pines. Grassy to the very tops, they invite "climb me and see what you will find." We climb with never a stone to set foot on, and toiling to the top, only to find another grassy hill higher than the other, with the same tantalizing invitation, "Come and climb me." It is useless; there is no summit, but hills on hills, and those far away specks you know are cows feeding at their leisure. And twice a day the rawhide clothed "cowboys" on their hardy "bronchos"—best horses in the world for this use—race up and down, in impossible paths, gathering the roaming cows, and sometimes routing a grizzly bear.

And from these hill tops no human dwelling is visible. But for the cows the land would seem uninhabited. The few rude dwellings that exist are hidden away in the narrow, fertile valleys which the winter torrents have cut out between the hills, humble dwelling places for ranchmen and lurking places for myriads of active California trout.

Severe winters are very rare here, and the cows pick their own living, though some ranchmen are wise enough to make or import hay for severe weather, and those who do not do this suffer the loss of many cows, in occasional cold snaps or rainless winters. Many bovine skeletons lie about in the gulches—grim witnesses against improvident ranchers.

On cheese ranches the evening milk is kept, and after heating mixed with the morning supply, and cheese is made daily, seventy pounds or so to each hundred cows, and no imported cheese surpasses in flavor that which some of our California ranchmen make in their rough way and poor conveniences. The "largest cheese in the world" was made here. I will tell its history.

EACH TO ALL.

Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths—however others stray,
This is the better way.
No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:
There is no better way.—Susan Coolidge.

Money may not go as far as it used to go, but it goes faster.

PROGRESS IN CHURCH FEDERATION.

An Address by Mr. J. E. McAfee of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board.

Church Federation has advanced beyond the sentimental stage. There are already twenty-one state federations, thirty-five county and district federations, 125 city and town federations, and about fifty other partial or tentative federations in addition to the full-fledged. Some are courageous and dare take hold of their task with a firm hand; others are timid and have all they can do to preserve the name and foster the sentiment. The National Federal Council embraces all the major Protestant denominations except one, and almost all of the minor, including a membership of sixteen to eighteen millions. It has held its second quadrennial meeting, the second more pretentious and brave than the first. Some of us hot-heads wish the Federal Council would make more speed, but by standing still long enough in one spot almost any one can notice that it moves.

The Home Mission Council is the livest federation of them all. It includes the National Home Mission Boards and Societies of the Protestant denominations. It holds annual sessions, and each is more confident and aggressive than its predecessors. The Executive and several special committees are active all the year through. The Council promoted Home Mission Week last fall, the most effective and far-reaching campaign in American home missionary history. The movement was so successful that Home Mission week has been established as a feature of the annual program of the churches to be observed every autumn. The Council has formed a common policy in Indian Missions, and the Government at Washington now hears the voice of the United Protestanism in matters pertaining to the conduct of the Indian office. Washington has heard and heeded the voice of a United Romanism for many a long year. The Council is working out a comprehensive Western policy, and has for more than a year been conducting extenstive surveys through Western states to avoid neglect of new communities, and to check duplications and overlapping of home mission work. The charge of wastefulness in the expenditure of missionary funds, or of a narrow sectarian policy, can no longer be lodged against the national boards and societies. They are uniting not alone in a co-operative sentiment, but upon a cooperative policy and method. They are of one mind in all the essentials both of the Kingdom's meaning and of the administration of their common trust.

But the surest and most wholesome evidences of the progress can not be expressed in tables of Arabic figures nor even in concrete results as yet. They are rather the simple facts that we face the problems, that we realize their complications, that we talk about them without either slopping over from a fanatical zeal or hemming and hawing from timidity, that somebody has set me up here on a program like this to try to make you listen for twenty or thirty minutes. We understand now that to sit comfortably in our luxurious church pews and lift our eyebrows over the scandalous waste of home mission money in duplicating churches in the far distant frontier towns does not undo the mischief which is to be seen all about us. We do not rant any longer or talk platitudes about seamless garments and the like. At least there is now no excuse for that method of treating the subject. We have turned the seamy side of the

garment out, and are accustomed to the spectacle, or ought to be by this time. And with the calmer view of the actual facts the conviction is deepening that, big and difficult as the task now appears, there is the more reason for determined and thorough handling of it. We know that seven separate mission boards have no business dribbling out seven different annual subsidies to keep seven different organizations in existence in the same town in Arizona. We know that nine independent church organizations ought not to be perpetuated in a stagnated town of less than a thousand in New Mexico. We know that another town in the same state, of 1,235 souls has no legitimate business with twelve different religious organizations. We know of the four churches which stand side by side at a certain cross roads here in Tennessee, at least three are out of place. We know that ten fully equipped churches in a section one-half mile square in a city of Kansas embracing but a population in the block of 3,000 all told, are ridiculous. We know that three churches in a community of 150 in Indiana are a disgrace to the community and to our religion. Especially when the latest arrival of the three has been supported by outside money for forty years. We know that the system is badly awry which perpetuates twenty-nine churches, each equipped with a building, among an agricultural population in a single community of Pennsylvania described by a radius of a little over four miles.

These are facts which everybody must face who looks into present-day church conditions. But those of us who have run squarely up against such facts understand how little they can be cured by saying bad words or by a contemptuous indignation. These conditions have not been created, nor are they maintained, by home mission boards, or by district superintendents, nor by narrow-minded preachers—by none of them alone, nor indeed by all combined. The rock-ribbed stronghold of sectarianism is—us, if you will excuse the grammar. A wider, deeper, more conscience-stricken public sentiment must be evolved before these conditions can be appreciably changed. We like this sort of thing ourselves, or at least are too little concerned to insist upon its correction. There is much boasting about the progressive spirit of the laymen, and how they will not tolerate outworn methods, but the unvarnished fact is that laymen and lay women are almost uniformly blocking federation movements. From every quarter there roll up reports of the groans and sweat of pastors and other leaders who are wearing themselves out at this task aginst the opposition of the petty lay factions in the community. very community is eager that the method should be practiced on some other community, but ours—well, you know our town is peculiar. It is simply impossible to get our churches together. The truth is, nothing can, ever be done until we have had a lot of funerals.

Now it must be admitted that waiting for funerals is a rather slow way of getting things done. While we wait a new generation comes on like their fathers, compelling delay for new obsequies.

There is a larger and speedier hope in a persistent and wide education of public sentiment, tedious as education always is. And the education has begun. It must be pressed with a new vigor every day, not by exploiting somebody's pet theory of how the business might be done in a twinkling if human nature were different from what it is, any more than by waiting for all the people in the churches to die before any attempt is made to bring the churches to their senses. We are studying this stupendous task and working at it, increasing numbers of us; we are discovering causes, are going beneath the mere surface and are seeking to understand human nature, instead of being content to give it over to its narrowness and pettiness in disgust. It is inherent in the present federation movement dispassionately to face the facts.

I speak thus summarily of concrete results. You will be more interested in the causes which have brought federation to its present status, and which guarantee a rapidity of development not yet conceived.

Among these causes I point out four which make continued progress in federation as certain as the existence of the church in American life. The first is the revolt of young trained leadership against a system which halves, thirds and quarters their lives, by condemning them to the pastorate of competing churches in small communities. The dearth of competent ministers is universal. The so frequent wail over the loss of the heroic sacrificial spirit in to-day's young life is mostly wasted tears. There never was more nor better quality of heroism than now. Young men are eager to surrender their lives to hard and sacrificial labor. But they are in open revolt against a system which condemns ministers to squabble over the petty concerns in small communities in everlasting competition with their fellows, where no vital principles are at stake and where the competition only wastes good energy which might be devoted to some worthy purpose. Only small minds and unheroic spirits can be content with such a program. Every denomination of the church which depends upon a highly educated ministry is to-day in keen distress over the dearth of competent leaders. The distress is not so apparent in those denominations whose system accommodates itself to any sort of leadership available, no matter how competent or incompetent. But the distress is scarcely less real even there. Some of us are disposed to abet the rising generation in this rebellion. How is it with you? Honestly, now, would you encourage a talented, highly trained young man of your acquaintance to undertake the ministry of a church in a town of a thousand or fifteen hundred residents where there are two or three other ministers puttering about leading the petty contending social factions which center in the three or more churches? But no matter about your reply. Whatever you or I may think of the case, however we may be inclined to censure or excuse the youngsters for their rebellion, the revolt is on. Young fellows with their eyes open do not purpose to commit themselves to such a program.

The second cause operating to bring the churches together upon some basis is the ever clearer social interpretation of the church's task, and the demand that it shall show a social efficiency. I need not contend that such a cause is actually at work. The fact is patent to everyone. No church can longer fulfill its mission by keeping a roof over a more or less devout congregation who come together more or less often to hear the tenets of their particular sects expounded with more or less vehemence from the public desk. No church can longer so much as hang together on that program. It is the recognized business of each to serve its community through a definite social ministry. Now, it is inherently impossible for three or four organizations operating independently of one another to carry out a program of social service in any community. Affairs come into a

hopeless muddle at every point that such a blundering method is attempted.

A friend tells me of his recent experiences in a town where there are six churches. They are for the most part perfectly lady-like, mutual admiration societies. No one of them, up to recently, thought of interfering with the others by doing anything in particular for the good of the community as such. My friend came to the pastorate of one of the six with social wheels in his head. He found the boys running wild on the streets, left to their own devices inventing the gang spirit, which is as normal in a boy as eating blackberry jam—when he can get it. He organized a boys' club and it flourished mightily. It was no more than well started, however, before the life was taken out of it by the organization of five other rival boys' clubs. My friend next discovered a negro quarter, for which no one had thought of attempting any religious effort. He started a work there and interested unemployed energy of his own congregation in it. At last accounts there were prospects of six little dinky missions conducted by as many competing churches in that little negro colony. My friend exclaims: "Oh, what's the use!"

I need not elaborate what is so patent. No thorough social ministry can be conducted by the church so long as each community maintains two or ten or twenty absolutely indenpendent organizations. They cannot help but compete in a wasteful manner, and run into sharp conflict with each other. Federation is as certain as the social obligation of the church in American life. Surely no one is disposed to deny the fact of that obligation, whatever disagreement there may be as to the precise form such service should assume.

The third compelling the get-together process is more subtle, but this is none the less potent. I will call it our increasing coherent sense of the Americanism. I do not mean jingoism; that is on the decrease. Americans do not carry a chip on their shoulder. But we are growing all the time more intensely and rationally American. We appreciate more intelligently the mission and destiny of our civilization. And the fact to which we are slowly awakening is that every one of our major American denominations is an importation from Europe—every one of them, with one apparent exception. That exception is not real when its system and history are analyzed. The same is also true of almost all of the minor denominations. That is to say, American religious organization has been bodily imported from alien conditions of society out of a vitally alien history. Yes, it is sometimes superficially concluded, that is natural; for American civilization in all its departments has been imported; but the people themselves are immigrants, and they brought their institutions with them ready made. That is precisely what is not true. People in every generation have immigrated to America for the very purpose of finding and creating new conditions of society. The American state is not an importation. Its elements are drawn from every epoch of human history, to be sure, but the system itself is original. Our political fathers were innovators, and glorified in their originality. They produced an original literature and established a new branch of the science of statecraft. The American state has become the admiration and hope of much of the world through its intelligent adaptation of civil government to the time and place and the people.

The fourth cause and the last the time will permit pointing out, is the glimmering dawn of an appreciation of what the gospel of Jesus Christ really is. It would be too, audacious to say that the discovery has been made, but one may not be reckoned over-bold to remark that a glimmer of Christianity's meaning now appears to those of the strongest vision. In the light thus revealed our present system of church organization shows grotesque. Of course, it is well understood that Jesus did not mean anything in particular when he prayed that his followers might be one. Our ingenious exegesis of scripture has effectually taken the sap out of that utterance. He might have meant that all Protestants, Romanist and Gregorian alike, press shoulder to shoulder in crowding the Moslem back across the Bosphorous into Asia. But, of course, it could have never entered his mind that it would be a good thing for all his followers to get together to fight the devil. When in a given American community three or four sects get started, each with a separate meeting house and a minister of its own, no consideration so common as the devil's domination of that community must be permitted to disturb the status quo. Using Scripture to reprobate the accepted devisive program is to be resisted as an horrible heresy.

All the same, teachings of Jesus do give an increasing number in the churches a bit of uneasiness over the present program. And I will not undertake to say how many sincere spirits are alienated from any and all of the churches on account of what they consider the present inconsistency between Christian teaching and denominational practice. Nor may one presume to say to what limit of church federation and reconstruction a full appreciation of the gospel's meaning might carry American religious organization. But that it should leave us content with the program now accepted is unthinkable. Christianity is little better than nonsense if the present line-up of American churches is intended to be its proper product.

The fact is, all we need is to get acquainted. The time can never come when two national boards, members of the Home Missions, Council, can seriously disagree on any vital question. Because the officers know each other, understand each the sincerity of purpose of the others, have sat together through long joint committee meetings, have laid hand to hand in the grapple with common tasks. A common zeal and a common purpose henceforth bind them in a fellowship which no conceivable circumstances can destroy. I am frank to say that I enjoy more intimate and vital fellowship with certain colaborers of other denominations than I do with large elements of my own.

A serious common task will weld the most diverse elements into one force. Such a task spiritual leadership in American society certainly supplies today. Here is an absolutely guaranteed prescription for your sect-ridden community: Find a common task and go to work at it. No sectarian vagaries of the head and no -un-Christian bitterness of the heart can finally resist the unifying charm of an absorbing, worthy task. Go to work together, and the business of getting together is already done.

Church federation must come. The church can claim no competent leadership in the present program; no effective scheme of community service can be carried out on the present basis. Outworn European systems of two, three or five centuries ago cannot cope with today's religious needs in America. The gospel of Christ on any rational, vitalized interpretation outlaws the present divisive system. The stars

in their courses are fighting this battle. The mills of the gods are grinding this grist. God Almighty has large purposes which can be fulfilled only by bringing together forces now divided.

FOUR CHURCHES IN MISSOURI FEDERATE.

Recent daily papers contained mention of the federation of four churches at Alma, Missouri. The editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, of Chicago, wrote for further information and received the following reply in part:

"Four Churches organized in a federation here about four months ago, namely; Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Christian. So far we have gotten along nicely and I see no indications that we shall do otherwise. No one of the congregations was able separately to support a pastor, but now we have preaching four times per month and a splendid Sunday School.

"Our articles of federation state that each congregation shall be represented on the executive board, that the pastor shall discuss no sectarian teaching in his sermons or in Church meetings, that additions to the Church, if by con version, shall state to what Church they wish themselves credited, and if the addition is by letter they bring letters of commendation from their home Church, but retain their membership in the former Church.

"Baptism and communion services are held in accordance with the customs of the Church to which the candidate belongs. As an example, a few weeks ago we had a meeting which resulted in twelve conversions and additions to the Church. Five of these desired immersion and we took them to a Christian Church near here, where they were immersed, while three of the others were taken to a nearby Baptist Church, and the rest were sprinkled by a Presbyterian here in our own Church."

The articles of federation adopted by these churches are said to be almost an exact counterpart of the articles of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Pasadena First.—Six persons united with the church last Sunday, three on confession. Livingstone day was celebrated Mar. 30, the pastor preaching a stirring missionary sermon on "The Life of David Livingstone," and the Bible School presenting a program consisting chiefly of addresses by younger members of the school. Mrs. Amy Bridgman Cowles of South Africa spoke to the school last Sunday. With a live superintendent, and with each class considering the question of interesting itself in some definite missionary work, this Sunday school bids fair to become a splendid educator along the line of missions.

Oroville.—The members of the beautiful new church at Oroville have already given evidence that they have not built it for ornament only, and have put every part of it to active regular use. All sessions Sundays and week days are well attended and a number have united with the church both by letter and on confession of faith since the recent dedication. No church in this state has a more industrious and faithful Ladies' Aid Society. The members of the society raised a thousand dollars last year and have pledged another thousand for this year toward paying off the few thousand dollars left of the church debt.—Mrs. Douglass' father, Dr. Warren of Detroit, spent a part of the winter here, and occupied the pulpit very acceptably for a few Sundays, while Mr. Douglass, our pastor, took a much needed vacation.

Los Angeles, First.—The special services of Holy Week were not omitted this year in this church. They were conducted by Dr. Turk in the Parish Building auditorium. In the preceding weeks a large number of small pocket editions of John's Gospel had been bought for daily reading. At the services Dr. Turk gave expositions of chapters 14-18. In previous years many little books of "His Last Week" and "His Life" had been sold during Lent. Both these books were in the words of the four Gospels. The Good Friday service was conducted by Dr. Day in the main auditorium with appropriate music. There was a large attendance.—At the evening service of April 6 Mr. Henry B. Roney and his boys gave us a musical service of rare beauty. Mr. Roney played the piano and the boys did the singing; and they did all the singing but one hymn by the choir and congregation. The perfect simplicity and sincerity of these young singers made the service most impressive. Dr. Day's address on "The Approval of Christ" was brief but searching, and held the close attention of the large audience.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Charles F. Clarke, who has been putting his life earnestly and ably into the work of Congregationalism and the kingdom in Seattle, Washington, for the last seven years, is spending a few weeks in this part of California.

Last Sunday evening Rev. Marshall Dawson spoke on "Peace and Arbitration" before the Council of Jewish Juniors of the Temple Emmanuel, San Francisco. He was interested at finding, in this Jewish audience, more than half of the brilliant young debaters of the University of California, including two Carnot medalists, and a member of the last Carnot team. He asks: Have the Jews a monopoly on California intellect?

Mrs. Helen Clark Miles, wife of the Rev. H. R. Miles, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, passed into the other life on the 10th of April. Mrs. Miles had been ill for a year and a half, and at the time of her death was at a sanitarium at Colfax. Deeply impressive, but simple, funeral services were held in the church in Berkeley last Saturday, conducted by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland. In accordance with the rapidly increasing sentiment of the age the body was cremated.

In the passing into the other life on Saturday of last week of Mr. Edward Coleman of San Francisco the work of Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom in California loses one whose life had long counted largely and widely therein. Mr. Coleman was a generous man and his memory will long be enshrined in the many causes which were aid-

ed by him. Born in England eighty-two and a half years ago his life from the time of the early gold excitement was spent in California. The foundation of his fortune was laid in early years at Grass Valley, where we believe, he retained membership in the Congregational Church and which he always helped to support. After coming to San Francisco he became a member of the Society of the First Congregational Church, served many years as one of its trustees, and through its treasury contributed generously to all the work of the church and denomination. Mr. Coleman was a friend of The Pacific, and regularly for years it formed a part of his Sunday reading.

A MEETING OF SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will give a luncheon in honor of the Rev. Joseph Rowell, who, on the 22d of this month, will have reached his ninety-third birthday.

The regular meeting for the day will be at 11 a. m. in the North Berkeley Congregational Church, at which time an address will be given by Mr. Alexander Angelou, a student in Pacific Seminary and the University of California, on "World Peace in the Light of the Balkan War." Mr. Angelou is a Macedonian whose work as an agitator for liberty led a few years ago to his departure from his native land in order to save his life.

Immediately after the address lunch will be served in the church, for which there will be a charge of fifty cents. A brief program has been arranged for around the table. A large attendance is looked for, a time of fine fellowship, and an inspiring occasion as we contemplate a useful life of more than four score and ten years.

ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

The Association met at Pullman, Wash., April 9th. It was a great pleasure for the writer to meet in this college town and with this church in the organization of which he participated 27 years ago. It was then a town of 200 people; now a city of 5000, and is the seat of Washington State college, with 1500 students. Mr. W. H. Short, a prominent layman of Der Park, was moderator and Rev. J. M. Lavender acted as secretary. Missionary Pendleton presented the work of the Sunday school society at the afternoon session. At the same service took place the administration of the Lord's Supper. At the evening service the devotional exercise was led by Rev. Henry O. White, of Chewelah, recently from Oklahoma. The Association sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Bainton of Colfax. He preached an inspiring sermon on "Mirrors of God," from 2 Cor. 3:18.

Wednesday morning following devotional exercises the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" was presented by Mr. C. C. McEachren of Spokane, one of the most earnest and efficient Christians in the country. The subject of Missionary Methods was discussed, led by Rev. W. S. Pritchard of Medical Lake.

Most excellent papers were presented in the afternoon by Rev. C. H. Burdick of Deer Park, on Fundamentals in Developing the Spiritual Life of the Church." A vote was passed requesting the publication of this paper in The Pacific. Another one was on "Religion, Morals and the Public Schools" by Rev. F. O. Wyatt, of Cheney. It was followed by addresses by Prof. Summers, of State College, and Prof. Huich of Cheney Normal School. At the same service a splendid address was given by Rev. H. C. Mason, of Seattle. In the evening, following devotional and praise service led by Rev. W. C. Veazie of Ione, W. H. McMurray of Westlake, Idaho, was ordained. Rev J Edwards offered the ordination prayer and Rev. F. O. Wyatt gave the charge and right hand of fellowship. Following this Dr. R. C. Brooks of Walla Walla gave an address that illuminated the mind and warmed the heart on "What is Christianity, and how has our conception of it been affected by the modern point of view?" There is universal regret at the departure from our midst of Dr. Brooks. The following resolutin was adopted: Resolved, That in the departure of Raymond C. Brooks to his new work we feel the burden of a real loss; a loss that, because of the kindly relations existing, brings a real sense of pain to all our hearts.

With this burden of pain we have a feeling of exaltation in that our brother has seen the hand of God in this call to a larger field, and has with splendid courage given himself to the greater faith.

Believing that Brother Brooks will, in his spirit, still remain a part of our work, still continue his ministry of prayer for, and with us, we desire to assure him that we wish to go to his new field with him, with our love and sympathy and prayers, with a growing interest, and with a hope that the opportunity which has compelled him to make this change of work may be a true prophecy of a glorious achievement.

We thank God for the revelation of himself which He has given us through our brother, and now wish greater blessing to come in the new days.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The First Congregational Church of this city sustained the loss by death of one of its oldest and best beloved members during the past week in the person of Mr. James Steel, who united with the church by letter on July 2, 1864. Mr. David Dexter Clarke, who for a number of years has been the chief engineer of the water system of Portland, united with this church on profession of faith at the same time and is still with us, and is a most worthy Christian gentleman in the best sense of that expression.

Mr. Steel was born in Woodsfield, Ohio, in 1834, of Scotch ancestry, and was in his 79th year. In 1855 he went to Dubuque, Iowa, and lived there until 1862, when he crossed the plains to Oregon, settling in this city. His first occupation was that of a clerk in a grocery store. Two years later he became the secretary of the Oregon City Woolen Mills. In 1866, when the First National Bank of Portland—the first national bank on the Pacific Coast—was organized, he was made its cashier, which position he held for sixteen years. Soon after that he assisted in organizing the Willamette Savings Bank and was made

its president. Two years later this bank was chartered as a national bank and thereafter known as the Merchants' National, of which he was the president until he resigned in 1890. Then he was connected as president with the Metropolitan Railway Company, which built the first trolly line on the west side in Portland. This line began running on January 1, 1890, and later connected Oregon City with Portland, being the first suburban line out of this city. In addition to the foregoing he was identified with a number of other business enterprises of a manufacturing character.

The interest of Mr. Steel in religious matters was always great. He was a charter member of the Portland Y. M. C. A., and was a trustee for a number of years. In the church of his choice he held many positions, among them church clerk, trustee, treasurer, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and deacon. When he died he was a deacon emeritus. He was a very liberal supporter of the church in a financial way, and also assisted many benevolent enterprises outside of the church.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Mary Ladd, who died in 1910. Four children are left—one son, James Marshall Steel, a business man in Berkeley, Cal., and three daughters, one living in Hanford, Washington, and two in this city.

Beginning last Sunday evening Dr. Luther R. Dyott began delivering discourses on the following subjects: "Life as It Is in the Light of Today"; "Twentieth Century Ethics"; "The Bible in the Light of Today"; "Prayer in the Light of Today"; "Money and Morals"; "The Problems of Young People"; "Are All Persons Immortal?"; "The Great Beyond in the Light of Today."

Portland, April 13, 1913.

SHUTTING DOWN THE CHURCHES.

Sometime ago Harper's Weekly, commenting editorially on the resignation of Professor Fisher from the Wesleyan University suggested that the "shutting down of the churches for a time might not be an unmixed evil". The general contention was to the effect that the people no longer needed the churches as they once felt that they needed them. We have no idea that the world can get along very far without the church. All Harper's Weekly would need to cure its temporary moral aberration would be to pick up its outfit and move to Africa or to some other churchless country and undertake to circulate the "Weekly." It is a bit discouraging however to find a weekly with national aspirations, with its "bill" sunk deep into the red-blood of the Christian churches, talking about "shutting down the churches." It is true that thousands of people do not go to church, not because they do not need to go to church but simply and solely because they do not want to go. Humanity has often lost its way by following its inclination instead of following its duty. We do not claim that the church is without fault. It must never be overlooked that the church is a voluntary institution. Men do not have to unite in the fellowship of the church. That may be said to be the glory of the church and at the same time the apparent weakness of the church. The most that can be said for that form of paganism illustrated in Harper's Weekly that paganism which contributes nothing to the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind and seeks every opportunity to discredit the self sacrificing efforts of those who are trying to make life conditions more tolerable is that it is both cruel and mean. We have more respect for the positive unbeliever who opposes Christianity from convictions than we have for the man who stands aloof and nags and guys those who are trying to do something for the betterment of humanity. This is the way the editor speaks of the Men and Religion Movement. He goes on to say: "In the face of the Men and Religion movement last year, which was a special effort to Christianize everybody, "the total increase for all the churches for 1912 was 579,852, a decrease of 15,486 from the figures of 1911." It is to smile, gently, at this first evidence of the result of applying business principles to the spread of the Gospel."

There is no more reason why these men of the Men and Religion Movement should leave their homes and their tasks and go out and try to set higher ideals before the young men of the country than there is for the editor of the Weekly to leave his business and under take a like work of human betterment.

The churches might be shut down and in three months a moral reaction would set in that would change the status of the Weekly both as to its contents and its circulation. We have seen in our time a number of churchless communities. We have seen the children grow up in these communities. The man who speaks contemptuously of those who voluntarily associate themselves together to maintain high moral standards and who seek to deepen the meaning of human life should weigh the situation from the standpoint of the church.

The Home.

THE "DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER."

Give me not a Paradise of Pleasure,
Unimagined bliss,
Idle hands that, filled with cloying treasure,
Joy of service miss,
Worlds around me, merely beyond measure
Lovelier than this.

With my wounded comrades in the valley
Bid me still abide;
In the dark street and the noisome alley
Broken men beside;
That the vanquished, making one last rally,
Find me at their side.—Carol Ring.

HAPPINESS.

Let us hope that one day all mankind will be happy and wise; and though this day never should dawn, to have hoped for it cannot be wrong. And in any event, it is helpful to speak of happiness to those who are sad, that this at least they may learn what it is that happiness means. They are ever inclined to regard it as something beyond them, extraordinary, out of their reach. But if all who may count themselves happy were to tell, very simply, what it was that brought happiness to them, the others would see that between sorrow and joy the difference is but as between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of life and a hostile, gloomy submission; between a large and harmonious conception of life, and one that is stubborn and narrow.—Maeterlinck.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WIFE?

An article appearing in a recent issue of the Pacific Presbyterian and entitled "Her Husband's Career," attracted my attention. I read it, then I laughed because of the tumult of questions it aroused.

Are the twain made one, to live solely for the husband's career; or to live the love of God? I wonder.

When the flood of questions had receded, I laughed again, a little sadly 'tis true, over the memory of several instances where mothers, loyal wives, who were trying so faithfully to be real helpers, had come to me and hiding tear-wet faces on my shoulder let me fold them in arms made strong with sympathy, while they sobbed out the pitiful story of their woe. Not the recounting of a dire calamity; that they would have faced with a smile. A true wife will conquer without a quiver of fear, disasters that might crush a regiment. So little will they seem in the telling, these stories they brought to me, that you will be astonished.

One, a heart-weary wife, grieved because as she said, "Oh, Louise, he never brings me a blossom of any kind. I know the garden is full of roses, but I have to gather them myself. We are still young, and life may be long, if only sometimes he would bring me a flower or take me for a moonlight stroll because it gave him pleasure to do so."

Nothing to make a fuss about, eh? It wasn't just a rose she wanted. It was but symbolical of the little things that mean so much to woman, who is the emotional half of the unified one. The husband was rapidly ascending the ladder of business success, but—who was bruising the hand that steadied the ladder?

Another wept bitterly because her husband had brought her a gift no more suited to her tastes and wishes than a treatise on Electricity might be to an African untouched by civilization. "No, dearie," she said, "I am not complaining about the gift, I am appreciating his trying to give me something. But"—for a moment the thought checked her voice—"to think that we have been married twenty years and he does not know me any better."

Twenty years a true helpmate, for he had achieved success in his chosen career, and still he could wound her so by showing what little knowledge he had of her real self. Twenty years of struggling together should make the husband's broad shoulder the wife's comfort corner for little hurts. Was he after all so successful? Had he learned life's beautiful lesson: tact-guided thoughtfulness for his dearest?

Once a tired mother of two, with flushed cheeks and eyes unnaturally bright, came, saying recklessly, "Oh, please be my friend in need and let's run away from my days to come. They look so long and endless if they are to go on as now. I used to earn a salary not to be despised, I can again. I will feed you on the fat of the land if you will take care of my babies; they love you, and husbands are so hard to please. I'm so tired of washing, and baking, and cooking, and—and, yes, I'll be honest, the babies, too! Please run away with me, you have nothing else to do." Two hours we sat under the trees while she forgot her anguish in building an air-castle of what we should do, her husband left entirely out of the scheme. Then I suggested that we each go home and get some dinner since we could not very well start until the next day. And she, too, laughing again went bravely back to her burdens.

Why all her weariness? Because her husband could not understand that the thousand and one small duties which fall to the lot of a mother of two and wife of one, make great inroads on one weak system of nerves, which his impatience because the household machinery did not run as smoothly as the hindered waters of a canal, only tangled the more. Happy am I to be able to say that this husband awoke in good season and became the patient comforter of her who had such need of his assisting strength. Now he runs away with her occasionally and she needs me no more. Wise man, he; and furthermore his career isn't suffering for he is steadily rising.

For ages it seems I have been sitting upon the mountain top of life watching the play go on between man and wife. And I have found it is six of one and half a dozen of the other when there is trouble. So I am neither defending woman nor yet blaming man; but only repeating the question I ask at the beginning, and adding another. Does a man marry a woman that he may have someone to boost him into earthly success? Is that the God-intended object of marriage? Do mortals at all understand the Eternal's gift of love? Judging from—ah, well, they will learn in time.—"Louise" in Pacific Presbyterian.

THE OLD PERSON'S THOUGHTS.

We wonder if the elderly person is not often led to ask, through the sense of loneliness and inevitable sadness, what is the waiting, the lingering here for; if the work is not done, and why the delay; feeling, not impossibly, a want of welcome, a consciousness, however faint, of being superfluous—as if the world could evidently get on very well with no old person about; as if it were a mistake to have ordered this growing old!

But what a mistake, instead, is this the questioning makes! For the house that has in it no old person for a centre of common interest, to give and to receive sympathy and tenderness, and to keep us somewhat closer in touch with immediate past on which youth too frequently looks contemptuously, fails in its purpose as much as that one where there is no child. Were the old person gone, there would be felt the want of that rally-point which is like the fire in the chimney-place, which gives a cohesion to the family, make a righteous object in life, keeps the hearts of all the household warm, and teaches the younger members the first elements of that consideration and gentleness which has in it no principle of self-seeking.

In addition to this, the presence of the old is a distinct boon of another sort. For, as long as they remain with us, not only are we ourselves not the elders, which is a trivial, but nevertheless—such is our love of life—an agreeable consideration to many temperaments, but between us and the great unknown, dark to such numbers of us, they stand, theoretically at least, as a barrier; and many things that are purely theoretical have a great deal to do with our happiness.

When they are gone, unreasonable as it is, we seem to be, by so much, nearer that unseen and unknown bound. To those with any sure religious hope this unknown country is not a region of shadow; it is a delightful realm of consolation, of compensation, of rest, of joy, the answer and reward of hope and trust. But even at that, and even at the point of higher views and hopes, it involves farewell for a season to that which we love best here; and we have

to be either very exalted very old, or very wretched in order to be eagerly glad of the approach to its borders. There are those of us who look forward to it with an intense longing—although they are seldom the most happy and cheerful among us—and those who feel concerning it a vital curiosity; but this curiosity is easily held by them in abeyance.

For we were given from the beginning, and of course in order to carry out the heavenly purposes here, an enormous instinct for the preservation of our physical life; and while we feel young and well we seem to hold death at a distance, and to be obeying that instinct; and we seem to be shielded also by those that are older, and whose natural turn it is to go first having come first, however dear they are, or however much their stay is desired.

It were good if we told these older people how truly we are sensible of their value. For if they were aware of our feeling in some of these various regards towards them, it would without much doubt give them a sincere and genial relief and pleasure. And we shall have it to regret—where there is always, in spite of our best endeavor, so much to regret—when they really are gone, that we failed to let them know how fully we realized their preciousness. They sit, these dear old people, with heaven's halo on their faces, on their hair, and too frequently we fail to know that we have been entertaining angels at our hearth.—Harper's Bazar.

For The Children.

THAT BAD OLD SAND-MAN.

Directly supper's over, when I want to have some fun,
That horrid sand-man comes around; he's just the meanest one!
He fills my eyes so full of sand it makes them shut up tight,
And so I have to rub them hard to see the pretty light;
An' then they say, "Look at that child! So sleepy he can't see,"
An' all the time I'm just as wide-awake as I can be.

When I'm comfy after supper, on my darling daddy's knee,
An' he's telling me a story, an' I'm happy as can be,
What does that horrid sand-man do but come and bob my head,
Till they say, "Poor child, he's nodding an' he ought to go to bed";
An' I want to hear the story, an' I'm not tired at all:
It's just that bad old sand-man makes me nod till I 'most fall.

I tell them I'm not sleepy, but they think I do not know;
They tell me I must go to bed—and then I have to go.
And so I never stay up till one o'clock—or eight,
And find out what the people do when it is really late.
If I get to be President—an' dad says p'raps I can—
I'll tell all the policemen to catch that old sand-man;
We'll put him into prison, and we'll lock the great big door
An' never let him out again to bother any more.

—M. Going.

DISILLUSIONED DICKY: A BOY WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN FAIRYLAND.

"Have you ever seen a fairy, Dicky?" asked little Rosie.

"There are no such things," said Dicky.

"Oh, but there are," said Rosie, earnestly. "I saw one last night."

"But you're only a kid!" exclaimed Dicky, contemptuously. He was nine years old and Rosie's senior by a year, and so he continuall kept calling Rosie, his little sister, a "kid," for he had heard his big brothers call her so, and he desired, presumably, to flatter them.

"I'm not a kid!" exclaimed Rosie, angrily. "Your'e a kid! I heard Bertie call you one the other day!"

"There!" said Dicky, peevishly, throwing himself on the grass, "I shan't play with you any more—you're for ever quarrelling!"

"I don't care!" said Rosie, and she walked away with her head in the air.

How long Dicky lay there, he could not say, but suddenly he heard a squeaky voice, and looking up he saw a tiny, hump-backed old man standing beside him with a long stick in his hand.

"Oh, ho! you lazy fellow!" squeaked the old man. "Get up at once, lazybones!" And with these words he gave Dicky such a fearful poke on the chest with his stick that Dicky cried out.

"You little kid," squeaked the old man, "to cry like that!"

"I'm not a kid!" said Dicky.

"Oh, ho! So you're not a kid. Well, then, come along, and we'll see," laughed the old man, mockingly. "And you don't believe in faries, you silly baby," he added, giving Dicky another poke which almost made him cry again.

'Come on, child! I can't wait all day!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently. So Dicky got up and went along with him.

"Here! take hold of this end of my stick!" said the old man, "and see that you don't let go." Then the old man made a shrill, whistling noise and Dicky felt himself lifted off his feet.

"Hold tight!" cried the old man.

Higher and higher they went up into the air, and when they had gone so high that they were far above church steeples and furnace chimneys, the old man made another piercing whistle and they floated through the air over towns, villages and fields. Then they crossed a huge ocean, began to descend very rapidly through the air, and landed on a lofty mountain.

The old man took his stick from Dicky and tapped with it three times on the mountain and said:

"A naughty boy and Griffon stand;
They wish to enter Fairyland."

Immediately part of the mountain opened out and the old man went in.

Dicky was about to follow, when the old man said: "Wipe your dirty boots first."

Looking down on the rocky ground, Dicky saw a door mat, so he wiped his feet. Then the old man beckoned him to follow.

They went down a marble staircase and came into a beautiful garden. The flowers were all in bloom, and the air was filled with a sweet perfume. Delightful music was heard

in the distance and Dicky would like to have danced to it, but the old man said, gruffly: "Follow me, or you'll die."

Terrified at the thought of dying, Dicky hurried away after the old man.

Soon they came to a large wood and the old man said: "Remember to do as I do and all will be safe for you." Then he hurried on. He went so quickly that Dicky had great difficulty in following him.

Turning a corner in the wood, they came face to face with a huge lion. Dicky was very frightened and was about to scream out, when the old man held up a warning finger and whispered: "Don't be a kid!" Then the old man swung himself onto the branch of a tree and passed the lion. Dicky was sure he would never be able to do that, but he tried, and was surprised to find that it was quite easy. When he had passed the lion he looked back to see if it was following them, but, to his surprise, he found that the lion had disappeared.

On and on the old man went, and Dicky followed. Several times they had to pass a lion, a tiger, or some other wild beast, but Dicky felt quite safe when he saw the old man dodge them so easily.

At last they reached the end of the wood and came to a little village. Some school children were coming out of school, and as Dicky passed he heard them whisper to one another: "Don't touch him; he's only a kid."

Dicky was angry, and went up to fight one of the boys who had said such a thing about him, but, to his surprise, they all disappeared, and Dicky found himself in front of a huge castle.

Then the old man said to Dicky: "You've been brave, so here is a magic ring. When you want anything, you have just to wish for it and you will get it. Now, one thing you must remember, and that is, that you must not wish for me to come to you, for if you do I'll be very angry."

With these words the old man disappeared and Dicky found himself at the gate of the huge castle.

Looking at this mansion, he wished he was prince of it, and immediately he found himself in a beautiful chamber inside the castle. Looking in one of the mirrors which hung on the wall he saw that he was dressed like a prince. Well pleased with his success, he went out into the garden. After walking about for a little, he thought himself too lonely, so he wished for a beautiful princess to come and love him.

No sooner had he wished than a beautiful lady stood before him and said, in a sweet voice:

"My noble Prince, I love you."

So beautiful was this lady that Dicky fell in love with her, and, forgetting the old man's commands, he wished he was there. Immediately the old man appeared and was very angry with Dicky.

But Dicky was very sorry, so the old man said: "I shall forgive you this time, but never again," and he disappeared.

Dicky was so deeply in love with the princess that he wished to marry her, and when the day for the marriage arrived, Dicky wished that the old man could come to see him married. When the old man appeared he was so angry with him that he took him by the shoulder and dragged him outside.

"You little kid!" he hissed, and immediately he began to shake him.

At that moment Dicky woke up and found that instead of the old man it was Rosie who was shaking him.

"Get up, Dicky dear," she said, "it's time for tea."

Dicky rubbed his eyes, then, rising up, he took hold of Rosie's hand and kissed her and said: "Rosie, dear, I do believe in fairies, and I'll never call you a kid again."—W. McKenzie.

READING.

Sometimes, when reading all alone,
Two fairies hold my book for me,
And I pretend I have a stone
That won't let "grown-ups" look for me.

Then I can see the things I read,
Forget the room around me,
And ride upon the fairy steed
My magic stone has found me.

I seem to ride through fairy streets,
Climb hills to fairy castles,
And from the towers see fairy fleets
With silken sails and tassels.

I know the hill where "Jack" fell down,
I've seen the home of "Puss-in-Boots,"
And met the "Man in Our Town,"
And stumbled on the "Beanstalk's" roots.

"Prince Charming" is a friend of mine,
And "Sleeping Beauty's" kind to me;
I've been to "King Cole's" house to dine,
And "Cinderella's" home to tea.

"Thumboline" is a tiny thing!
And I'm scared of "Fee-Fo-Fum!"
I'm crazy about the "Fairy King!"
And I love to play with "Hop-o'-My-Thumb!"

There are many more I know quite well,
Because the fairies show me,
But I close the book to break the spell
And let the grown-ups know me.—M. Peckham.

Content sat spinning at my door;
And when I asked her where she was before.
"Here all the time," she said; "I never stirred;
Too eager in your search, you passed me o'er,
And, though I called, you neither saw nor heard."

Alfred Austin.

So long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses, ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night;
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

—Matthew Arnold.

Grumble? No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.

THE THREE OLD LADIES.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;
And, thinking this world was a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face.

Another old lady all dressed in patches,
Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;
So the world it made her strangle and cough,
And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
Who lived upon sugar, and everything sweet
Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, "I never!
For the world is so nice I could live on forever."

Now children, take your choice
Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on
Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
Will seem to you to be.—Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE SMILE THAT REACHED BOTH EARS.

Patsy was a little Irish boy with curly hair and big blue eyes and a smile which almost touched both ears. Patsy's mother took in washing, and his father—well, Patsy's father was drunk most of the time, and Patsy himself ran errands all day long for a man who lived on Twenty-Third Street, and it was Patsy's smile that helped to give him his position. This is how it came about. The rent was due, and there was scarcely any money even for food, and Patsy's father kept on getting drunk. One day Patsy started out to look for work. Many days he walked the streets. His mother became sick, and the money was all gone. He worked harder than ever; but people only turned and smiled at him, and some of them laughed, he was so little. One day he picked up a newspaper a man had dropped and laboriously spelled out the words of the advertisements: "Wanted—A good, clean boy to run errands, carry packages, and for other odd jobs. 265 Twenty-Third Street."

Mr. Kendrick looked in astonishment at the first boy who had come in answer to his advertisement. Patsy smiled, his teeth were clean, and not quite all his curls were rumpled.

"You're too small, my little man," explained Mr. Kendrick kindly but firmly. "See, this is the kind of packages I meant." And he pulled out one which Patsy was barely able to lift, and that was all.

"I could get some sort of a little wagon to wheel them in" he ventured.

Mr. Kendrick smiled. "I'm afraid you wouldn't do. You see, there are other things besides carrying the packages, which you could not do either. Have you had experience in anything?"

"No, sir," answered Patsy.

"All right, sir, I'll try another place," Patsy said with a bright smile, although he had no dinner and very little breakfast, "Well, good day, sir."

There was something strangely fascinating about his curls, which needed cutting, and the little outgrown cap placed rakishly over one ear. Mr. Kendrick watched him out the window, and suddenly Patsy turned and looked up at him and smiled in spite of the rain that was coming down in torrents and the knowledge that he would go supperless to bed that night.

That was too much for Mr. Kendrick. He motioned him to come back. "I was mistaken," he said, "I guess you're the boy I want after all."

If you should ever by chance or mischance happen into No. 265 Twenty-Third Street and ask to see the head of the establishment, you would, to your great delight, be ushered into the presence of a pleasant-faced man with a winning smile which nearly reaches both his ears.—Exchange.

DISCOVERS VICTORIA FALLS.

One of Dr. Livingstone's greatest achievements was the discovery of Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River. This is described in "Livingstone, the Pathfinder," as follows:

"The river rolled on more and more swiftly; slowly and carefully the Africans guided the canoe out of the rushing waters into the quieter eddies in the center of the stream behind an island. Livingstone landed, crept to the very edge of the island and looked over. The mighty river, more than a mile wide, rolled over the edge of a precipice, dashing down three hundred feet with the roar of many waters.

"It fell sheer into a narrow, zigzag chasm, where it went seething and rushing between gigantic cliffs of rock. The spray rose in five great columns that hid the sun. In the spray hung a many-colored double rainbow, a beautiful bridge of quietness over the rage of the tumbling water."

It was November, 1855. Livingstone was the first white man who ever saw "Sounding Smoke," which is twice as large as the Niagara Falls in Canada. He named it the Victoria Falls. On the island he carved his initials with his knife on the trunk of a tree, where they can be faintly seen today.

JUST FOR FUN.

"Whew!" sniffed the dray horse, as a smoking motor car rushed by. "I have some faults, I know; but, thank goodness, I never learned to smoke!" —Judge.

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A Congregational minister, the father of six-year-old twin boys, was obliged to send one from the table for misbehavior. The little fellow was sitting crestfallen on a chair in an adjoining room when the maid entered. Upon spying him she said, "Oh, Billie, I'd be ashamed to be sent away from the table, as big a boy as you are, too." Billie, with flashing eyes, drew himself up saying, "Well, you wouldn't if you'd known this family as long as I have."—The Delineator.